

THE FIELD AFAR

ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

DILIGENTIBUS DEUM
OMNIA COOPERANTUR
IN BONUM



TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD
ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

ENTERED AT POST OFFICE, OSSINING, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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A GLOBE-TROTTING MISSIONER BACK IN RANGOON.

(Many of our readers will recognize with pleasure the photograph of Fr. Germain Allard, who is sitting at the right of Bishop Cardot.)

THE FIELD AFAR

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This paper is designed to make known the new American Seminary for Foreign Missions and the cause for which it stands—the conversion of heathen peoples to Christ.

It is published at Maryknoll, Ossining P. O., New York, by the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.

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X

"Let the next generation take care of the heathen."

We have a friend—'a good fellow'—who says this, but he doesn't think it, because he does not think.

SOMETHING new, isn't it—this foreign mission idea?

This question is asked us seriously at times by people—some also good friends of ours—who ought to be more familiar with Catholic progress.

We answer that the foreign mission idea was born with the Church as instituted by Christ, but we admit that many, if not most, American Catholics are unfamiliar with it.

We get stranger comment, however, than the above.

On a railway train we recently met a gentleman and his wife,

both non-Catholics, who were deeply interested in foreign missions. The conversation naturally turned to this subject and the lady, who had received, while at college, a 'complete' knowledge of Christian missions, expressed sincere astonishment when facts and figures were given, saying:

"But I thought the Roman Catholic Church had stopped evangelizing years ago."

* *

CATHOLICS in the United States are contributing more generously every year to the foreign mission activities of the Church. Their annual offering now approximates half a million dollars, but if this were twice as large, it would hardly represent one per cent of the full amount—and it is a noble one—that these same Catholics give yearly to preserving and advancing, in this country, their cherished faith.

* *

IN the course of a masterful editorial written by Monsignor Shahan on the *Knights of Columbus Endowment*, the learned President of our Catholic University writes:

For three centuries the English language was the dread enemy of Catholicism and freely conducted, the world over, a savage campaign against all that was dear to the faithful children of the True Church. It was the chief ally of the great religious revolution of the sixteenth century, and reinforced steadily the innate power and charm of a splendid literature by innumerable advantages, political, economic, social, racial, and others. Within fifty years this alliance has been challenged, and partly discredited, but it has not yet been broken.

The alliance has certainly not yet been broken in the Far East, where the English language to-day rarely conveys the message confided by Christ to His Church.

* *

EVEN in the Fiji Islands, the prestige of English is recognized, as may be noted in what follows:

I have spent over ten years in the field, and now more than ever do I see the need of English-speaking missionaries and understand the amount of good they can do.

In fact, it is my personal opinion that, just as in the first centuries the propagation of the Latin tongue was a providential means of rapid propagation of the Gospel, so in modern times the English language, spoken as it is by so many millions of men, in so many parts of the world, should be a powerful means of extending the reign of Christ.

And to think that so far this most effective instrument has been in the hands of the enemy! "That English-speaking missionary" means "Protestant missionary." Is it not a downright shame and disgrace for American and British Catholics?

Your Seminary is the direct and formal remedy for this great and deplorable evil.

—FR. THOMAS FOX, S. M.

* *

REFERENCES to Catholic Medical Missions are growing more frequent in these columns, and we believe that all our readers will follow with interest the progress of the movement. This progress will hardly be rapid so far as it implies an exodus of American Catholic physicians, men or women, and of nurses. Such a thing can scarcely happen until priests, brothers and nuns have gone to blaze the trail on which secular helpers may tread with greatest advantage to themselves and to the souls of the strangers to whom they would dedicate their talents and labor.

It is, however, an encouraging sign of the times, when Catholic physicians, as in the present instance, are taking up this work on their own initiative, and THE FIELD AFAR is glad of the opportunity to voice their enthusiasm and to co-operate with their zeal.

* *

If you are an Associate Subscriber, paying one dollar a year, and wish to save annoyance to yourself, or us, or both, why not pay in advance?

If you decide to do this, forward five dollars and we will credit you for six years. In this event, please specify your desire.

* *

We are ambitious to make every Ordinary Subscriber one of our Associates.

An Accounting to Our Benefactors.

OUR Board of Incorporators and the Executive Committee of our Society has held its annual meeting, at the New York Diocesan Office Building. His Eminence, the Honorary President, could not attend this year and Monsignor Dunn was many miles away, but Monsignor Hayes served us as Secretary, the two organizers of the Seminary represented Maryknoll, while Justice Victor Dowling and Michael Maginnis, Esq., both of New York City, gave the laity its place in our council.

The report was a gratifying one, thanks to the generous help our readers have given us, and our gross receipts for the fiscal year, excluding what was sent to missionaries as gifts or for Masses, were \$60,387.00. These returns came principally from:

FIELD AFAR Subscriptions...	\$11,082.70
Associate Dues.....	2,341.04
Sales.....	732.07
Burses.....	10,908.44
Gifts.....	33,282.84
Interest and Discounts.....	1,217.58

Our readers will be interested also to gain some idea of our disbursements, which were substantially these:

FIELD AFAR.....	\$4,732.18
Publications—Books, prints, etc.....	947.63
Buildings and Improvements	19,322.88
Land and Farm Improvements, including stock, machinery, labor, etc., etc.,	6,401.56
General Expense—Furnishings, transportation, postage, etc.....	2,164.80
House Maintenance—Food, fuel, light, power, telephone, laundry, etc.....	5,424.98
Interest on Mortgage.....	1,522.48
Salaries of Help, Allowance for clothing, medicine and general personal needs of two communities.....	2,077.38
Travel, including printing expenses en route.....	1,284.03
Vénard School.....	1,512.76

Our assets at the date of the above report were:

Value of Property acquired..	\$45,000.00
Improvements.....	32,358.71
Furniture (houses & office)...	7,000.00



OUR LADY OF THE CENACLE, PRAY FOR MISSIONERS.

Stock.....	1,200.00
Farm (implements, buildings and drain).....	1,514.34
Cash on hand.....	1,714.61
	\$88,787.66

Our liabilities:

Balance of Mortgage.....	\$30,000.00
--------------------------	-------------

Our insurance:

Seminary and Contents.....	25,500.00
St. Teresa's Lodge and Contents.....	12,000.00
St. Michael's and Contents.....	5,000.00
Barn.....	4,000.00
Vénard Apostolic School....	1,000.00

We number, reckoning priests, students, auxiliaries, Teresians and helpers,—

At Maryknoll.....	30
At Scranton.....	10

Thanks again to Divine Providence operating through you, dear readers, we have been keeping afloat. While building, we had to delay investing *all* our burse money, but the bulk of this is now in safe bonds and yielding a reasonable interest. These investments will remain sacred, and outside of them we have nothing except our assets as above recorded.

Our present ambition is to clear the \$30,000 mortgage from our land, so as to prepare for the day, which may not be many years distant, when our permanent buildings will be begun.

In the meantime, it will be necessary to erect a *Field Afar House*, in which to install our office, lists, stock, machines, printing press, etc., etc. This will be a plain, rectangular building, made as fire-proof as possible. All of our present buildings are of frame construction and fire protection is in the hands of the angels.

This, then, is our story, so far as it goes. We close the chapter with a fervent prayer of thanksgiving to God and of petition for our benefactors.

✱ ✱
OUR new edition of *A Modern Martyr* continues to win friends. The following is from a priest in Kentucky:

In the life of Sister Teresa, the Little Flower of Jesus, I found the name of Blessed Theophane Vénard, and I could hardly wait till I got the book, *A Modern Martyr*.

I thank you for it; I cannot find words strong enough to express my pleasure in reading it. It is a most useful book for any priest, full of points for meditations and great stimulus for working and suffering for Our Lord.

Land and the Sales.

☞ Maryknoll contains ninety-three acres of farm and wood-land.

☞ The cost has been reckoned at one cent a square foot.

☞ Friends, by filling land-slips (each representing 100 square feet), have withdrawn a large section from the mortgage shadow.

☞ Watch these figures:

Total area at Maryknoll	4,450,000 ft.
Disposed of up to May 1, 1914	1,575,374 "
Held for purchase at one cent a foot	2,874,626 "

☞ Let the children be sharers.

☞ Teach them to make little sacrifices.

☞ Keep a land-slip in sight.

☞ Your visitor will not be offended if you offer one of our land-feet to him, and you may find for our cause a life-long friend.

For the Work.



OMPLIMENTS in French for THE FIELD AFAR come not infrequently. Here are some. Get out your dictionary if necessary:

Votre "Field Afar," fidèle, cordial, limpide et débrouillard. . .

* * *
A NUN in Halifax, N. S., writes:

THE FIELD AFAR is becoming more interesting with every issue. Would that I could spread it far and wide! I am to-day enclosing a list of new subscribers, and I trust that in time there may be many more readers here in our city by the sea.

* * *
A N editor in Illinois writes:

The efforts of your Society to spread and foster the mission spirit are worthy, not only of high praise, but also of whole-hearted support on the part of the Catholic press. In my opinion, a decline of this spirit among our people is sure to be followed by a decline of faith and morals.

* * *
MANY people kindly tell us that they like our paper but they are not as a rule so affectionate as the writer of these lines, which have traveled across the continent:

I love THE FIELD AFAR. I read it from cover to cover and always look forward to the time when it is due. I wish I were able to do more for this glorious work, but I will not fail to remember it in my prayers and Communion.

* * *
WE have some good friends among the bishops, but we have not often met a bishop's sister. If there are many such, we hope to meet others like the one who wrote to us recently:

Once in a while I run across people whose education has been so neglected that they do not know THE FIELD AFAR. The enclosed subscription was cheerfully handed to me the other day when I told one woman what she was missing. But all do not respond so promptly to the opportunity of improving the mind—and soul.

Our community is gratified and flattered by its selection for the first Apostolic School. We should, and do,

consider it a great honor. I hope that in the course of time we may rival Lyons in our support of the work that America has too long neglected.

* * *
A MONG many other kind tributes we note these:—

Renewing a subscription to THE FIELD AFAR, a Sister in Minnesota writes:

We don't want to lose a single copy. Why, I would rather go to bed without my supper than give up the spicy little paper!

A physician in Africa writes of THE FIELD AFAR:

It is, I think, the most readable and entertaining publication emanating from the religious press, and I very much want to possess my own copy month by month, instead of importuning my luckier friends of the Mission to lend me theirs as soon as it comes to them.

If she could only accept the gift, we would place her on our complimentary list.—Who? The lady who lives under the shadow of Bunker Hill Monument and who writes:

Your negligent subscribers cause you a good deal of trouble, I know. I guess I belong in the front row of your 'forgettery' class. I enjoy THE FIELD AFAR very much and would be lonesome without it.

Not all our readers are as emotional as one who writes:

I laugh so much at the fun and shed tears over the kind letters you receive from the priests and the people.

Our correspondent will observe that she has a better opportunity to laugh than to weep when she reads letters from our priest-friends. The average priest has among other graces a sense of humor.

"A sample copy of THE FIELD AFAR came to me through a friend, and while I have no grudge against your office, I think you have imposed on me by compelling my interest to so great an extent that I feel I cannot miss such a publication."

This reminds us of a farm journal 'ad' in which the writer says:

"You have your toe in my door and you force your way in. I cannot help helping you to do so."

That New Edition of
A MODERN MARTYR
sells for fifty cents.
Postage ten cents extra.
Address: THE FIELD AFAR.
Ossining, N. Y.

Sending a subscription to THE FIELD AFAR for a Public Library in Illinois, one of our friends writes:

I love THE FIELD AFAR and always read and reread it. How I enjoyed "The Lace Curtain!" I wish I could complete Fr. Elias Younan's Burse, but at least I hope to send my mite later.

We have been pleased to receive from many sections of the country evidences of the affectionate hold which the late Fr. Younan had on Catholic hearts.

A bishop writes:

For certain personal reasons THE FIELD AFAR could never be to me an object of indifference, but I am sure that even if these were set aside, the *bright, brisk, cheery tone and general expression of the paper* would compel my attention and interest in spite of myself. It is always a welcome visitor and all its columns, its delightful prattle as well as its more serious paragraphs, are read with interest and sympathy.

I know of no paper that delivers such a serious message so insinuatingly or persuasively. It is an admirable blend of the *utile* (or rather, the *necessarium*) and the *dulce*; of the *fortiter* and the *suaviter*.

* * *
OF our new volume, *Stories from The Field Afar*, the *Providence Visitor* says:

Here are fifteen stories, well illustrated, selected from the ever interesting paper published by the Foreign Mission Society at Maryknoll. Like all the literature that finds its way to the public from this source, the compilation proves to be as fascinating as it is edifying. From "San Min's Treasure," with which the book begins, to "In a Garden," at its close, there is not a dull line, and it goes without saying that its readers, who should be many, will find as much genuine delight in these stories as in any they have ever read. They are short, attractive and, best of all, wholesome and inspiring. For this reason, in these days of decadent fiction, they should be warmly welcomed by the Catholic public.

* The Missions. *

CHINA.

THAT missionaries are still liable to suffer torture and even death is shown by the execution, only two years ago, of a native Chinese priest, Fr. Peter Tang.



A RECENT CHINESE MARTYR.
(Fr. Tang is in his native costume on the left.)

Fr. Tang had been commissioned by his Bishop, Rt. Rev. S. Maurice, to settle a family dispute in regard to some land. He decided, as he was bound to do, in favor of the right, but the fact that the victory was given to a Christian against an apostate, angered the latter and led him to take revenge by bringing false charges against the missionary.

Fr. Tang proved that he was not guilty of any of these accusations, but in spite of this he was arrested and dragged, head downward, over a journey of some miles, to appear before the magistrate. When he reached his destination, he could not even stand, as his legs had been broken and his whole body was one mass of bruises.

His case was judged by the *tutuh*, or president of the province, and he was condemned to death. No sooner was the sentence pronounced than he was

taken outside and beheaded in a most brutal manner.

Two Americans, Fr. Doolin and Fr. Bleser, had been sent to the scene by the Bishop, but when they arrived, the martyr was already buried. They exhumed the body, however, and carried it to the church in a neighboring village, where it was given an honored resting-place.

The Bishop appealed to Pekin, in spite of the threats of the *tutuh*, who declared that he would persecute the Church if the matter was not dropped.

Sister Xavier 'scolds' us every time we print her name, and as we feel lonesome for a scolding just now, we print two sections of her latest letter,—one for ourselves and the other for the babes of Chusan:

Maryknoll marks the beginning of a new era for our missions, one that we had long hoped and prayed for, but hardly expected to see. Now we may even behold the midday of this early dawn—the arrival of your young missionaries on the field.

What a big *Deo gratias* will go heavenwards when this takes place! Already we have much reason to be grateful, for a few weeks ago there arrived the first missionary from Mungret to take up active service in China—Fr. Nugent. God grant that his example may be followed by many!

**An American Missionary
in Alaska**

(Fr. Judge, S. J.)

Price 50 cts. Postage 12 cts. extra
Address: THE FIELD AFAR
Ossining New York

We are clamoring before the Divine Infant for the wherewithal to buy some land bordering on our boundary wall. This acquisition would enable us to make much-needed extensions to our works and at the same time would deliver us from some very objectionable neighbors. But alas! the sum required is over a thousand dollars. This is a difficulty which the Divine Infant must settle; after all, it is for His little ones. Help us by your prayers to obtain the desired gift from Him.

Shanghai did not escape without some wounds during the recent trouble in China. In fact, Fr. Galvin, a former Brooklyn priest, who was in the hospital at the time, writes that he is quite satisfied with his first experience of war and will, if he has his way, make it last him for a lifetime. He says:

A few days after I arrived at the hospital, the rebels attacked the arsenal, and for a whole week we had as lively a time as most of us wished for.

The attack began at three o'clock in the morning, and bullets and shells came in our direction very fast, for the hospital is only half a mile from the arsenal. We tried to get a view of the battle from a little balcony, but on



CANADIAN NUNS ON A VISIT TO SANCIAN ISLAND, WHERE ST. FRANCIS XAVIER DIED.

account of the trees and the darkness we could see nothing. We remained in our lookout some minutes, when suddenly a shell burst close to the hospital, and realizing our danger, we got under cover. The fighting lasted until noon, and before it ceased, several bullets had struck our building, many entering our rooms. Some of the shells fell dangerously close, but beyond scaring us all, they did no harm.

The attack, however, was not yet over. It was resumed that evening and continued more fiercely than ever. The rebels had been reinforced by 1500 men from Nanking, making their numbers 4500. They advanced bravely and forced back the defenders of the arsenal, but just then the navy, which was drawn up in the river, sent out a terrific fire of grape. There was no standing against that, and though they rallied again and again, they were driven back each time with frightful slaughter.

During the worst of the attack, shells fell so thickly around the hospital and in the French Settlement, that it was even thought the rebels were firing upon the Settlement. Our greatest danger was from the navy, for the Chinese gunners are not experts and many of their shells fell wide of the mark for which they were intended.

At one time I was standing with a Belgian priest in front of the hospital, when a shell burst not eighty yards away and three bullets struck the wall about six feet from where we were. There were several other narrow escapes, and in the French Settlement many persons were wounded and much damage was done to property.

The rebels failed to capture the arsenal and at last retired to Nanking. That city held out for a few weeks, but finally surrendered, thus ending the rebellion.

INDIA.

Cook-Town Discovered.

OH JOY! A missionary from Bengal writes that he is in charge of 2,215 Catholics, *almost all of whom are cooks*. He adds that his mission is therefore in a way world-wide, as some of his parishioners travel with their employers from Japan to England and others work on various steamers. Many also cook for Europeans all over India.

These cooks are men. They return to their homes, as a rule, only once a year, usually between Christmas and Lent, as this is the marriage season with its peculiar customs.

Our correspondent, Fr. Altenhofen, who is pastor at Golla,

Dacca, needs some money to keep things going while the cooks are away. We need cooks to keep things going while the money is away.

We are tempted to exchange works and establish here an agency for cooks. In any event, an Indian cook would be quite an addition to our community.

* * *
FROM other letters we record a few.

A busy missionary, Fr. Knockaert (not Knock-out), S. J., writes:

We pray for the progress of your Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America. When one sees, as we do here, how urgently such help is required, we feel sad at the thought that so many years more must elapse before the arrival of your first missionaries.

Father Francis, of Pallai, Ceylon, has the rare opportunity of buying a plot of ground on which two famous heathen temples are standing. If friends enable him to make this purchase, he will at once destroy the temples and erect a church on the very ruins of Satan's home.

Father Leblanc of India, writing his good wishes, says that 1913 brought many blessings, conversions, confessions, vocations; also trials, including floods that killed one thousand, and destroyed churches and schools. So swings the pendulum, but good missionaries are never discouraged.



ONE OF MANY NATIVE NUNS IN INDIA AND CHILDREN WHO HOPE SOME DAY TO BE DRESSED LIKE HER.

(Photo sent by Fr. Aelen.)

Archbishop Aelen of Madras writes that he has lately secured seven new priests, five from Mill Hill, England, one from All Hallows, Ireland, and one native Indian.

He is allowed for the support of each priest \$5.00 a month, and expresses his gratitude for some 'intentions' that went to him through Maryknoll from an interested and over-supplied pastor.

During the year 1913, in the Archdiocese of Madras, there were 576 more baptisms than in the preceding year, and 2,500 conversions were registered.

Some country-people near Wandivash, India, came to the 'city' recently to see a pagan procession. But they lost interest in the religious ceremony when they beheld a greater curiosity,—a missionary priest. Fr. Bastide, who thus found himself the centre of attraction, writes of his experience:

I heard some of the remarks. "He is white"—"he wears glasses"—"he has a red beard"—"he ought to have a large salary to come to this country." This last point I admit and you know it is true.

Then one group left me and another approached. Poor people! if they had understood how much I pitied them! When will India be freed from its Brahmins and thus opened to Christianity? It is now the country of Pharisaism, for there are no people more like the Pharisees than our bigoted Brahmins.

AFRICA.

OUR contractor-friends will read with interest these lines from Fr. Burns, who is busy building a church down in Uganda:

In the absence of architects and contractors, everything is supplied locally. Two huge mahogany trees have been cut up into boards and now they are being fashioned into doors and windows. Bricks to the number of ninety thousand have been made, dried, burnt in the furnaces, stone-quarried and dressed.

All this has been made possible by a very generous gift from a New York lady, whose name tells me that she or her immediate ancestors came from the "Ould Country."



STORIES FROM THE FIELD AFAR

Fifteen Short Stories that breathe the Foreign Mission Spirit.

160 Pages, with 17 Illustrations. Price Sixty Cents, postpaid.

Address: THE FIELD AFAR : Ossining, New York

The zealous Bishop of the Upper Nile writes, on his return from a recent tour:

We have just had the solemn opening of our new convent at Kamuli. Crowds of people came out to see the Sisters, for they are quite a novelty in that part of the country.

The Sisters were dead tired the first night. For hours the native women and girls were about them, saluting them most heartily and without end, asking them all kinds of questions, and thanking them for coming.

It took them a full hour to make the last mile of their journey. As they drew near the church, they could hardly move a foot, for they were surrounded by an enormous throng of people, all eager to shake hands and speak a few words with them.

Without mistake it was a great day for Kamuli, and I am sure you will pray with us that Our Lord will bless the undertaking. A vast amount of good can be done by the Sisters in that mission. May God grant them the necessary blessings to do it!

"Père Macaroni"—in Irish, Father MacLoone—is raising up an army of friends for us down in Uganda. In a recent letter he writes to the Superior at Maryknoll:

You will be glad to hear that the Baganda Christians are getting quite familiar with your name. They call you "Père Walse." They can't pronounce our words very well, and I am known as "Père Macaroni." I don't think I have anything Italian in my blood, but I always feel hungry when they call me.

I have been out visiting the missions, and was glad to find that our dear Christians are faithful to their promise. Wherever I went, they told me that they said a little prayer every day for your new College.

Your work shares in the prayers of thousands. I know for certain that out of the five thousand Christians in our district, a very big percentage pray for it daily. In fact, they have to do this, because I am always at them.

A Column for Our Missioners.

[The editor reserves this column for acknowledgments and greetings to missioners. THE FIELD AFAR goes now to about three hundred missionary bishops and priests. Some of the subscriptions are paid for by interested friends, but most are *gratis*. In return for these, we are thankful to say that we and our benefactors are receiving the fruit of many Masses.]

WE owe acknowledgments of letters to the following:

AFRICA—

Bishop Biernans, Upper Nile; Fr. A. Bauzine, Dahomey; Fr. Francis Burns, Uganda; Fr. J. Dunne, Uganda; Fr. B. T. MacLoone, Uganda; Fr. Patrick Rogan, Kisumu.

CHINA—

Fr. O. Baldit, Canton; Fr. A. Buch, Ningpo; Fr. J. Tour, Hong-Kong; Sr. Xavier, Chusan.

INDIA—

Bishop Chapuis, Kumbakonam; Fr. J. Francis, Ceylon; Fr. J. J. Hennessy, Hashnabad; Fr. R. Kemperman, Rawalpindi; Fr. A. H. Kroot, Madras; Fr. A. Merkes, Madras; Fr. V. Morin, Wellington; Fr. Playoust, Ayyampet; Fr. George Ruault, Wellington; Fr. Simon Stock, Mangalore.

INDO-CHINA—

Fr. Fraisse, Tong-king; Fr. Prosper Haloux, Cochinchina; Fr. Mignot, Burma.

JAPAN AND KOREA—

Fr. Corgier, Wakamatsu; Fr. A. Heinrich Tokyo; Fr. Jacquet, Sendai.

We acknowledge receipt of letters and photographs or postcards from:

AFRICA—

Fr. G. Bouma, Alwor; Fr. J. Willemens, Uganda; Fr. Arnold Witlox, Kisumu.

CHINA—

Bishop Faveau, West Cheldiang; Bishop Wittner, East Shantung; Fr. Didace Arcaud, Chefoo.

EAST INDIES—

Fr. de Lange, Timor.

FRANCE—

Fr. Paul Sibers, Sanatorium of the Paris Foreign Missions, Montbeton.

INDIA—

Bishop Eestermans, Lahore; Bishop Paisandier, Trichinopoly; Fr. Laplace, Kumbakonam; Fr. C. Wolfe, Phirangipuram.

INDO-CHINA—

Fr. Peeters, Burma.

JAPAN AND KOREA—

Fr. Claudius Ferrand, Tenshukyo-kwai; Fr. Kleinpeter, Seoul; Fr. Veillon, Hisakajima; Fr. Nicholas Walter, Osaka; Sr. Ste. Aimée, Sendai.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS—

Fr. A. van den Bogaard, Surigao.

A Page of Notes.



ADOKA-DAKOTA.

This is something of a tongue-twister but it is now on our stencil list, which means that we have a friend there. The town has evidently had its reverses but it is discerning.

* *

NINE hundred of our Prayer Prints have been ordered by one community of Notre Dame, and we may hope that in distributing these, the good Sisters have sown the seed of the missionary spirit in many a young heart.

* *

IN a recent issue of the *Catholic World* we were pleased to note an article on "Ethnology and Missionary Work." It is a significant fact that the subject of foreign missions is coming up more and more frequently in the pages of our Catholic publications.

* *

A FRIEND has sent us the following, clipped from 'we don't know where':

A certain millionaire did not believe in foreign missions, but was a faithful church-goer. One Sunday when a collection for the missions was being taken up, the millionaire shook his head and said to the collector, "I never give to missions." "Then take something out," whispered he of the box. "The money is for the heathen."

* *

OUR versatile friend, Dr. James J. Walsh, has kindly supplied several missionary bishops and priests with copies of his valuable writings. The books have gone through this office and letters overflowing with gratitude have come to us and to Dr. Walsh directly.

Occasionally Dr. Walsh's namesake at Maryknoll has been addressed and thanked by the beneficiaries, as the author. This works for the good name of Maryknoll, but through these columns we humbly admit that we are *not the man*.

A FRIEND has sent us an article on the *Walshes*, inspired by the fact that the present Governor of Massachusetts bears that name.

We can't claim close friendship with the chief magistrate of the Bay State but we hear only praise of him. We experienced a slight shock, however, when, after reading that the *Walshes* were land-barons in Ireland, we learned that one of them had acquired "distinction and an honorable position" as a school-teacher in Marblehead, Mass. We have reason to believe, from observation, that any Marbleheaded school-teacher would exchange his place for a title and lands, considering himself at the same time supremely exalted.

* *

STUDENTS at the Kenrick Seminary, St. Louis, have organized a Mission Society under the direction of Fr. J. P. Donovan, C. M., who states that its aim is to foster a sincere love for all the missions of the Church.

It is planned to secure instruction on the missions by the reading of papers and by lantern lectures. The members will also be encouraged to devote the fruit of small sacrifices to the Cause.

This announcement is gratifying to every lover of the missions, and we believe the day will soon come when every seminary and every Catholic college in this country will have its Mission Society. May the Blessed Perboyre guide that of the Kenrick Seminary!

* *

TO a sodality of girls under the direction of the Cenacle nuns at St. Regis' Convent, we owe a suggestion that will doubtless interest some of our devoted religious who have the care of children.

An entertainment was provided recently by this sodality, which is named after Blessed Imelda. (We'll get off the track if we tell you who she was.) The program included as its main feature three

You Can't Do Better

than to use some of our books, e.g., *Stories from The Field Afar*, *A Modern Martyr* or *An American Missionary*, for premiums next month. It is not too late and the books are in every way suitable.

scenes from the life of Just de Bretenières:

1. *Just's* Call to save the Orientals.

2. *Just* at the Seminary.

3. The Announcement of *Just's* Martyrdom made by the Bishop of Dijon.

The setting was simple and few 'properties' were required, but the piece was effective and carried a lesson that will be remembered.

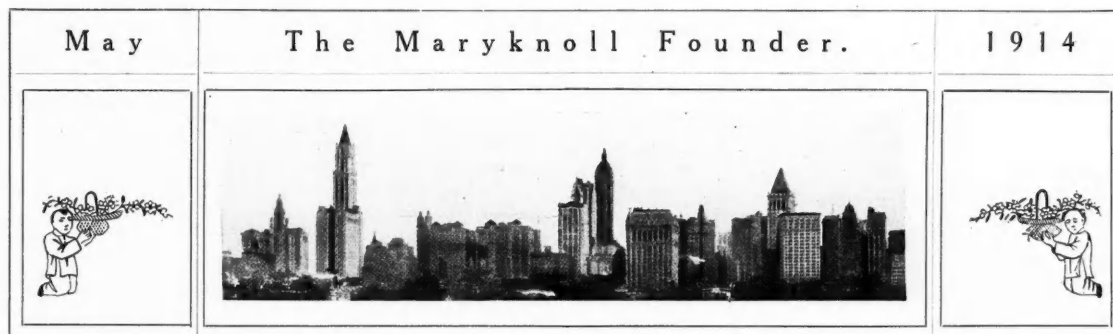
We will secure and reproduce the manuscript of this little drama if enough of our readers are interested.

* *

CANADA is rising to the foreign mission needs.

The White Fathers, established in Quebec, are sending their yearly contingent into Africa. The Franciscan Missionaries of Mary in the same city have inspired several vocations among the young women beyond the border. The Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, from Outremont, Montreal, are already on the field in China, and now we read that an apostolic school has been founded, also at Montreal, by a zealous Jesuit priest, Fr. Boncompain.

This school has not yet been in existence a year. It is not such an institution as the Vénard, preparing students for a special society and destined for the needs of that society, but a general preparatory mission school, contributing its youth to any missions that may need them, either in Canada or in remote countries. At the end of his course, each student will have the liberty to choose, among the societies of secular and regular priests, that which most appeals to him.



Burses to the Fore.

DO you realize, dear reader, that some day you may find the list of burse for the Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary of America completed?

This condition would not, of course, preclude the possibility of your giving any help to the Seminary or to its alumni on the field. (These latter will, we hope, be always necessitous.) But you would not then have the satisfaction of feeling that *your* good will had helped to educate a priest for the missions and that *your* benefaction, however small, placed at interest, was still providing for the education of others to follow in his footsteps.

At the present time five burse are completed and twenty-four more are gradually accumulating. Offerings that come for burse are immediately put out on interest, and when enough has been gathered, we make such an investment as is approved by our conservative incorporators.

This investment, as a rule, returns us five per cent. If the burse is complete, we thus secure \$250 a year, which sum is applied to the education and board of one student. When this student has been ordained, the same burse is applied to his successor.

The ordinary burse represents an investment of \$5,000. If the burse reaches \$6,000, the extra interest is used for the clothing and books of the student beneficiary.

That our readers may note for themselves which of our burse are moving and which, for lack of observation rather than of interest, are standing still, we print the table below.

Those who contribute to a burse, at one time or within the space of one year, a sum not less than fifty dollars, will be enrolled as Associates in our work, sharing in its many spiritual advantages.

Memorial Burses.

Burse may be named in memory of one or more deceased. In this event, the entire amount of the burse is subscribed by one person

or by one society, and the burse may be called, e.g., In Memoriam, Mr. and Mrs.—, or In Memoriam, Parents of —, or In Memoriam, John, Thomas and Mary —, or In Memoriam, James —.

The spiritual advantages are practically those secured by our associate members in perpetuity, —a share in several hundred Masses yearly and in all the works and merits of the Society. To these are added special prayers, Communions and Masses offered by the student beneficiary, both while he is in the Seminary and after his ordination.

The list of our complete burse is given on page IV.

PARTIALLY COMPLETED BURSES.

	May, 1913	Nov., 1913	May, 1914
Towards Mary, Queen of Apostles, Burse	\$1,850.00	\$2,200.00	\$3,974.00
Towards Cheverus Centennial School Burse	*3,000.00	*3,042.50	*3,042.50
Towards Providence Diocese Burse	1,000.00	3,000.00	3,002.00
Towards Fr. Elias Younan Burse			2,045.25
Towards St. Joseph Burse	1,205.00	1,205.00	1,220.00
Towards All Souls Burse	674.16	844.91	1,149.91
Towards Father B. Burse	*1,054.00	*1,054.00	*1,054.00
Towards Bl. Theophane Vénard Burse	580.00	605.00	769.00
Towards St. Patrick Burse	412.50	510.50	614.00
Towards Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Burse	219.84	441.44	609.28
Towards Holy Child Jesus Burse	204.20	488.15	546.87
Towards A. M. D. G. Memorial Burse			500.00
Towards St. Stephen Burse	332.00	337.00	342.00
Towards Little Flower of Jesus Burse (for Scranton)		26.00	255.89
Towards Unnamed Memorial Burse	170.00	175.00	197.00
Towards St. Lawrence Burse	150.00	150.00	152.00
Towards St. Anthony Burse	5.00	64.24	130.24
Towards St. Francis Xavier Burse	105.00	105.00	112.00
Towards St. Boniface Burse	100.00	100.00	102.00
Towards Holy Ghost Burse		50.00	64.00
Towards All Saints Burse		46.80	63.80
Towards St. John the Baptist Burse		19.00	58.00
Towards St. Columba Burse			50.00
Towards St. Francis of Assisi Burse		25.00	28.00

Any burse or share in a burse may be donated, if desired, in memory of the deceased.

*On hand, but not operative.



Do you know of a band of little women who call themselves the "Teresian Juniors" and who pray daily for our success. God bless them! They do not come from Korea, however, as do the little ones in our picture.



KOREAN GIRLS AT THE SHRINE OF OUR MOTHER.

Jinjew is neither a Hollander nor a Hebrew, but a young Japanese girl over in Korea who has written to our Apostolic School in Scranton.

The letter was inspired by Fr. Deneux, who has been sending to our office in Scranton attractive and saleable articles, many of which have already found purchasers. We publish it as it is written:

Dear friends

My name is Jinjew. I am a pupil of Pak moon school Catholic mission in Chemulpo. I know the Gospel of Jesus but I did not yet received the Baptism my family being not Catholic. I hope therefore the Grace of Jesus and I will be Baptized at the time fixed by the divine Providence. I heard from my teacher Catholic nun there are Many Catholic people in America. I am very glad to hear it. many foreigners and all the american who went in Corea are all protestant so I thought there are but protestant in United States of america. Now I know you are many Catholic in Scranton city. I am told you pray for the pagan people specially for us who attend to the Catholic Pak moon School. I thank you very much. you are all Children of Catholic families so I hope you will go on to pray for us with all your heart. I wish to be a Catholic as you, I meet with many obstacles so I cannot yet do it. when the holy Grace of Jesus is full on me it will be done. We did not see together but are we not sisters? Although I

have not yet been baptized I pray God every day as well as the Catholic children. so I pray our Saviour Jesus for you.

Truly yours, Jinjew

✦ ✦

AS the school term draws to a close, we ask ourselves from what points of the compass will arrive the next applications for admission to our Seminary at Maryknoll and to our Apostolic School in Scranton. We also wonder how many students will apply before September, and what number of these we can see our way to accept.

Indiana, Maryland, New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and Rhode Island—these are the States that have so far contributed their sons. We long to see on the list, California, Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, Connecticut and a score of others. Nothing pleases us more than the thought that the Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary of America bids fair to draw its support and its personnel from all over the country, rather than from any particular section.

The first of our students to receive major orders belongs in Indiana, and he will probably be our first priest. So much the better, for he is from neither the East nor the West. May the light of his example radiate to both oceans!

At Maryknoll we are also in contact with several nationalities. It is true that all the students

BURSE OF THE HOLY CHILD JESUS.

This means that in honor of the Holy Child Father Ignatius is trying to gather and set aside the big sum of *five thousand dollars*. When he has accomplished his task, this money will be put out at interest and will enable our Seminary to educate a priest for all time.

Now don't think that Father Ignatius is going to get some rich man to give us \$5,000. No, he is after 500,000 cents, and he expects to secure them from 20,000 young people, each of whom will become

An Associate Founder in the Holy Child Jesus Bourse. (Send for a card.)

were born in this country of Irish or German parentage, but we have in the faculty or among the auxiliaries or on the farm, representatives from Italy, France, Germany, Holland and Ireland.

And if our readers will not object to the anti-climax, we will add that we have some cows from the Islands of Jersey, some English pigs and a Maltese cat. So you see we are trying hard to be Catholic in more senses than one.

✦ ✦

They call themselves "Mission Mites" and write from Merion, Pa.:

We are little girls of the Primary A and B classes and we want to help you buy land. Father Price told us about it.

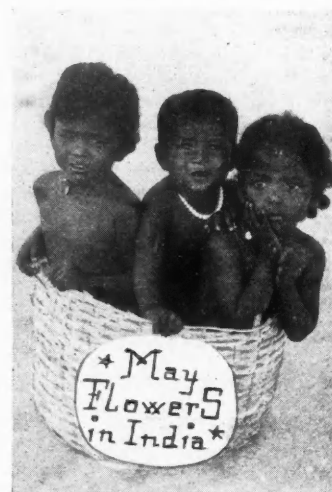
We are trying to get as much land as would cover our class room, which is almost six hundred square feet. We hope the sanctuary will be built on the land we buy.

We are enclosing six dollars, which we hope will reach you safely.

Will you please send us five more land-slips, as we borrowed these from the Junior B class.

Your little helpers,

Mary's Mission Mites.



SOME OF FR. AELEN'S BROWNIES.

Does Your Paper Arrive Regularly?

If not, do not fail to notify this office. From here we can trace the cause and apply the remedy.

The Doctor's Column.

THE physician-friend who has charge of the Medical Mission Propaganda to which this column is devoted, recently sent circulars to the following:

Academies, High Schools and Institutes.....	648
Catholic Colleges and Universities.....	186
Non-sectarian Colleges and Universities.....	192
Sanitariums.....	17
Hospitals.....	427
Medical Schools.....	137
Catholic Publications.....	226
Seminaries, Convents, Miscellaneous.....	52
Total.....	1,885

The start is a good one and the doctor is hoping that his labor will bear fruit. Incidentally, he would be glad to make a collection of unused stamps, for two-cent stamps and five-cent stamps repeated several hundred times, represent no inconsiderable expense.

The following inquiry comes from Bishop Biernmans, in British East Africa: *What is the aim of the Catholic Medical Mission Propaganda?*

The Catholic Medical Mission Propaganda is a movement recently started under the auspices of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, for the encouragement of medical mission work in heathen lands. It aims to awaken interest in the formation of a Catholic Medical Mission Society composed of physicians and others who will devote themselves to medical work in the mission fields.

Concerning the need of medical missionaries, Bishop Biernmans writes:

The demand is certainly very great. We are doing all we can, but that is not what it should be. Each station has a small dispensary, where one of the Fathers attends to the ordinary complaints of the natives, such as fever, wounds, etc. Of course, the worst cases, operations and so on, we cannot touch; yet it is just these which most need medical help. If in any way

possible, we send them to the government doctor or to the Protestant missionary hospital.

In three of our missions there is an infirmary served by the Sisters who hold certificates. These good women are really doing wonders, as government doctors have told me more than once.

But such efforts are inadequate. The English Protestant Missionary Society has four doctors, with up-to-date hospitals. They do an enormous amount of work. It is a very great pity that we have not at least one or two doctors, for a proper hospital, with a doctor, would render valuable aid to the people and to the mission work in general.

It seems that about the same time we were sounding a medical mission call from this end of the line, some of our friends across the seas were thinking hard on the subject. The letter which follows was written from British East Africa:

I am a medical man and have had intimate acquaintance with African missionaries for the past twenty-two years. When the time comes for the first of your Fathers to take the field, I trust they will be forewarned and forearmed against the ravages of malaria, sun-stroke, snake-bites and the like, for nothing saddens me more than to see promising lives thrown away by neglect of modern and effective precautions against these diseases. If the worker is withdrawn, the work comes to a stop; sometimes it is never taken up again, and sometimes it has to be practically begun all over, with consequently lessened fruits. Moreover, to take a lower but necessary view of things, there is a lamentable waste of money in traveling and hospital expenses.

A missionary from China whom I once met in London, told me that a young man had just come to him and said, "I want to go out and die in your mission in China." The missionary replied, "I don't want to take out any one who is going to die. I want some one who will try to preserve his health and work, for work to be done must have workers to carry it on."

So I hope the proper care of the body will be drummed into your future missionaries as well as the preparation of the soul for mission life.

Excuse this from a stranger, but who can read of Maryknoll and not be stirred to give your work all the help possible?

The "Maryknoll Physician" would like to become acquainted with English-speaking Catholic missions in the Far East. He

MISSION PAMPHLETS.

The Mission Field of the Nineteenth Century, by Cardinal Moran.....	.05
The Catholic Foreign Mission Field.....	.05
English Catholics and Foreign Missions.....	.05
A Sister of Charity in China.....	.10
Chinese Wayside Tales.....	.05
More Chinese Tales.....	.05
Cardinal Vaughan.....	.05
St. Francis Xavier.....	.05
Fr. Damien.....	.05
Catholic Church in Japan.....	.05
Martyrs of Japan.....	.05
A Martyr of Japan (Fr. Mastrilli).....	.05
The Religions of Japan.....	.05
St. Peter Claver (The Apostle of the Negroes).....	.05
Lazarus, an Indian Martyr.....	.05
The Religion of China.....	.05
An American Hindu on Hinduism.....	.05
Catholic Missions.....	.05
China and Korea.....	.05
Catholic Missions in Japan.....	.05
Jesuit Missionaries in Northern India.....	.20
Don Bosco.....	.05
Indian Languages and Early Catholic Missions.....	.10
An Apology for Foreign Missions.....	.05
Les trente-trois Bienheureux.....	.10
Le Bienheureux Théophane Vénard, Martyr.....	.18

Kill Two Birds.

Are you teaching French?

Why not send for one of our two French books, if your pupils are well advanced? They are announced on this page.

En Français

Le Martyr du Futura—

Vie du B. Pierre Chanel, S. M.

Le B. Théophane Vénard.

These books are well bound and illustrated. Price fifty cents. Postage extra. If both are ordered, postage will be prepaid.

invites missionaries who read these lines to write, explaining their medical needs.

Details of the prize contest for papers on medical missions may be found in the March number of THE FIELD AFAR. The contest closes July 1, 1914.

If you are interested in any feature of the Catholic Medical Mission Propaganda, write to
PHYSICIAN,
c/o Maryknoll, Ossining P.O., N.Y.



NOW let's get together on this burse idea and finish a few more. So far we have completed the following:

[A burse or foundation is a sum of money, the interest of which will support and educate, continuously, one of our students for the priesthood.]

COMPLETED BURSES.

The Cardinal Farley Burse	\$5,000.
The Sacred Heart Memorial Burse	5,000.
The Boland Memorial Burse	6,000.
The Blessed Sacrament Burse	5,000.
*The St. Willibrord Burse	5,000.

* On hand, but not operative.

Associates in Perpetuity.

WE are asked not infrequently if we have connected with our work a *purgatorial society* or a *membership in perpetuity*.

We have the latter, applied to the living or the dead. The offering is *fifty dollars* and may, if preferred, be made in small amounts within a year.

The spiritual advantages to all our associates are numerous. They will be fully explained on application, but some will be found in the next column.

If you send us names of friends, we will forward to them sample copies of *The Field Afar*, until our issue is exhausted.

Spiritual Advantages of Associate Membership may be gained in the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America

From our Seminary:

One hundred and fifty Masses a year. A share in the daily prayers and labors of all engaged in this work. Communions and rosaries every Friday from our two communities.

From our Benefactors:

Some thousands of Communions, offered monthly, and of rosaries offered weekly in America and Europe for our Seminary and its benefactors.

From Missioners in the Field:

Two hundred Masses yearly. Frequent Communions and prayers of their faithful flocks.

To you who are anxious to help us and regret that you cannot do so, we suggest prayer co-operation. Send for Apostles' Aid leaflets.

We Will Give

For One New Subscription to *The Field Afar*:

16 *Field Afar* Prints or
A Medal of Blessed Theophane Vénard.

For Two New Subscriptions:

A leather-framed Photogravure of any one of the three Martyrs—Just de Bretenières, Henry Dorie or Bl. Theophane Vénard; or The Story of a Mission Indian; or Thoughts from Modern Martyrs (in cloth); or The Bible of the Sick.

For Four New Subscriptions:

Thoughts from Modern Martyrs (in leather); or Un Martyr de Futuna, (Pierre Chanel); or Theophane Vénard (in French); or Just de Bretenières (in French); or An Extra Subscription to *THE FIELD AFAR*.

For Five New Subscriptions:

A Modern Martyr (New Edition); or Stories from *The Field Afar*; or An American Missionary (Fr. Judge, S. J.); or Life of Just de Bretenières; or Twenty-Six Martyrs of Tonkin.

For Twenty-Five New Subscriptions:

A statue of Blessed Theophane Vénard, finished in old ivory or bronze.

It will give us pleasure to supply any of the above premiums, but we shall do so **only on request**.

HOW YOU CAN HELP.

1. Send us names of reliable persons, grown-ups, boys or girls, who would be likely to fill at least one of our List-Books and thus secure twelve subscribers.

2. Ask us to forward sample copies to your friends and at the same time notify them that you have done so.

3. Get consecrated women in touch with this paper. Show them its value, that it is as edifying as it is instructive, both for their charges and for themselves.

4. Bring it to the notice of the Sodality or Society, religious, literary or beneficial, to which you belong.

5. Get the editor of the paper which reaches Catholics in your parish—perhaps there is a parish calendar—to make known its aim and its attractiveness.

How Nankee became a Yankee.

By Father John Wakefield.

NANKEE was a Chinese girl born in Borneo. She had neither father nor mother to claim her, yet she was entitled to both, for she did not belong in the same class with the famous *Topsy*, who, if we recall, 'just grewed.' Nankee had made her *début* in the presence of two Chinese people, a man and a woman, who didn't want to see her around.

Had Nankee been a boy, she would have received a welcome, but as a girl, she would not be worth keeping, because she could never earn anything for the family. Besides, a little pig had arrived just before Nankee's birth, and there would not be enough to feed both new-comers. The pig would be more useful and it was decided to get rid of Nankee.

So, about two weeks after the little girl came into the world, the mother sent down to the Catholic priest, who lived on the road to Sandakan, and offered him the child, if he would pay what it had cost to keep her since her birth.

The case was not a new one for Father Roosen and he expressed no surprise. Had the offer come a few hours earlier, he would have been puzzled to know what to do. That morning, however, he had received some Mass-stipends from his old friend, Fr. Van Dusan, who was helping out at the newly founded Mission Seminary at Maryknoll, and as his purse was fat for a change, he did not hesitate to accept the child.

The Masses were to be said for the intention of somebody



named Margaret O'Brien, and in the afternoon Father Roosen baptized the small Nankee at the convent and registered her, for lack of any other name, as *Margaret O'Brien*.

The Sisters were glad enough to welcome Margaret, but they knew that Father Roosen's pocket would soon be empty and they wondered, as they had often wondered before, how they were going to feed another little one. They decided, as usual, to throw the responsibility on the Great Provider, and the added burden was soon sunk in the general care.

That evening when Father Roosen sat down at his desk—a packing-case covered with stencilled labels—he wrote to his friend at Maryknoll:

Dear Father Thoughtful,—

You saved a little yellow kiddie's life to-day. May the dear youngster look at you sometime out of her almond eyes, and may she never fail to pray for you and for Margaret O'Brien, the unknown, after whom she has been named.

Faithfully,
J.

If Father Roosen had had the slightest suspicion of the effect that would be produced by his letter, he might have kept a copy of it for future reference. But as it was, he sent it off to the mail and quite forgot the two Margarets after he had given both a memento in the Masses which he offered for the next fortnight.

When Father "Thoughtful" re-

ceived his friend's acknowledgment, he turned it over to the Reverend Procurator, from whom he had received the stipends for distribution. The latter chuckled as he read the note.

Margaret O'Brien, the original, was his cousin, a somewhat haughty maiden lady who had inherited considerable money and did not know how to spend it. Her income was far greater than her ordinary expenses, but she lived in such constant dread of imaginary financial troubles that the poor-house was the background of many of her waking and sleeping hours. Her nerves were suffering in consequence of this worry and it was almost in desperation that she had sent her cousin the stipends, to be forwarded to some missionary for her recovery. "It's a good sign," the priest had said to himself, as he read his cousin's letter. It was the first evidence of any interest from that quarter, but he had long since learned that the relatives of a priest do not, as a rule, form the sinews of his strong right arm.

He smiled when he learned of the little Chinese "Margaret O'Brien." He could hardly imagine any possible interest of his cousin in the child. Yet the more he thought of it, the stronger was his inclination to write. So, acting on the impulse, he took the letter which Father Van Dusan had received, wrote a few lines of explanation on its face and sent it to his cousin. No acknowledgment arrived and he mentally recorded the act with a thousand others as "seed sown and probably wasted—but who knows?"

Margaret O'Brien had been given one of two alternatives, confinement in a sanatorium or a trip around the world in company with a few friends. She had chosen the globe-trot, as no less expensive and a pleasanter prospect. And she had chosen wisely, for she had been rejuvenated before she arrived in Japan and was an enthusiastic traveler when she left the Island Empire for Shanghai. China



A DUTCH NUN IN BORNEO.

was to her a joy, she wrote home to one of the few friends who had clung to her. She lived now in the 'doldom' of her childhood days and fell in love with every baby she saw.

When the party arrived at Singapore, it was decided to make Borneo before proceeding West, and on Saturday evening, a few days later, the city of Sandakan was reached. Here a comfortable hotel induced the courier to call a halt of several days.

Miss O'Brien had no difficulty in

finding the Catholic Church the next morning, but she *did* experience a strange sensation when she read at the end of a little notice-card in the vestibule the name—J. Roosen. It suddenly came to her mind that it was from Borneo, and near Sandakan, that a letter had been sent which she had received some ten years before from her cousin.

Her friends could not account for her silence that noon, for although she was by nature reserved, she had come out of her shell so fully as to be the life of the little group.

While the others were resting, she stole away from the hotel and, returning to the church, inquired for the missionary's residence. Father Roosen was not at home, but his 'boy' pointed to a building where the priest had gone to give Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

She followed the directions and found herself at the entrance of a house conducted by the Sisters. The door was opened by a charming little Chinese girl whose eyes sparkled as she bowed the visitor into the tiny parlor and asked in excellent English, whom the lady desired to see.

Miss O'Brien was tempted to say that she came to see the young portress, but she pronounced the name of Father Roosen and the child went to seek the priest. The latter soon appeared, as he had just finished the services and was about to return to his dwelling.

Margaret O'Brien's conjecture was right. Father Roosen, now pastor at Sandakan, was the priest who had said her Masses. He remembered the occasion because the subject of her charity, to

whom he had with little thought given her name, was one of his pets. "She is a favorite with everybody," he said, and added that the origin of her Irish name had often to be explained to visitors.

Miss O'Brien asked eagerly if it would take very long to go and see the child. For answer the priest spoke to one of the Sisters, who left the room to sound the house-bell.

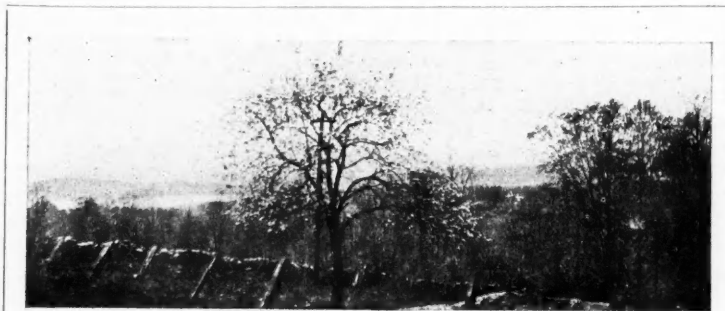
It was the little portress who appeared on the threshold shortly afterwards, and Miss O'Brien's eyes beamed with keen interest. The child looked at the nun and the nun bowed in turn to the priest, who, taking the girl's hand, said: "Margaret O'Brien of Sandakan, I wish to present you to your fairy-godmother, Margaret O'Brien of America. You are here because of her and she is here because of you."

The girl looked up and saw tears glistening in the lady's eyes. The next moment Miss O'Brien's arms were around her little namesake and—well, that is why the group of globe-trotters had to stay a few days longer in Sandakan and accommodate an extra traveler when they left.

Now two Margaret O'Briens are happy in the place where only one—then a fidgety one—used to live, over on the other side of the Connecticut line. Occasionally they pay a visit to Maryknoll, where a special pair of chop-sticks is reserved for the dainty little lady who, though she is now a Yankee, likes, sometimes at least, to get back to the days when she was Nankee.

Maryknoll, May, 1914.

SPRING AT THE KNOLL.



The farm's the thing, if you like dirt—and apple-blossoms.

ONE of our early recollections is that of a foreign missionary priest with a long, flowing beard and a gentle voice. If at the time we believed that the beard acted as a muffler on the good man's voice, we have since learned our mistake, but the memory of the combination is vivid.

Maryknoll is getting to be the Mecca of bearded missionaries with more or less soft voices. We had three recently, one from the Congo, one from near Peking, and the third from Borneo,—the latest camping close on the trail of the man from China.

But the average missionary entertains himself and us, does not expect attention and considers all kinds of food good, being concerned only about the quantity. If his room is cold, he puts an overcoat over his cassock or does some manual labor. If he is too warm, he mops his brow, strokes his whiskers and continues his occupation. Complaints about the little physical discomforts of life are above him, as they should be. He knows that moral trials are the only really hard ones to bear. So the missionary is a welcome guest.

Our students have, with praiseworthy indifference, expressed no comment on the beard question, and as a rule they make a steady fight to keep their own faces prop-

erly sand-papered, if not varnished. Whether later they will aspire to the *belle barbe* appendage or not, is one of several problems that are not bothering us at this stage of our development. We have, however, encouraged the gentle voice, which we feel certain can be cultivated even without the muffler, and the temperature inside and out is never an absorbing topic of conversation among them.

We are wondering as we write, what would have happened to flowing beards, had our students been so decorated a few weeks ago when they were burning brush. On that occasion, one man's eyebrows were singed and several heads of hair were similarly treated, without charge.

April was full of busy days. Spring-cleaning, as we used to hear of it, meant that everything in the house was turned inside out. It happened once a year. Now with us this condition has been a chronic one, without which we should be lonely,—perhaps.

But did you ever get into *farm-cleaning*, digging ditches, cutting gate-posts, setting machines in order, burning the waste, trimming trees, dressing the ground, going through ploughing and harrowing performances? It's a fine experience—to watch. Visitors may compliment you on the effect afterwards, as if you had done it

A word to you who would have the Foreign Mission Seminary benefit after your death by your present thoughtfulness.

Suppose you desire to leave to us a certain sum, which is now lying in a savings bank, or elsewhere, and drawing interest which you need.

We are in a position to accept your gift now, agreeing to turn over the income to you during your lifetime.

single-handed, or, remarking no improvement, they may ask why you don't put a nice little 'Japanese barberry' or 'Chinese raspberry' hedge alongside of the hen-coop.

The farm's the thing, if you like dirt. We like it, when it's in the right place, and we are trying gradually, here at Maryknoll, to make it serve useful purposes without offense to the eye of what Mr. Dooley would call a *Conny-sure*.

About a year ago, we sang a lament over a dead horse, one of a pair. We recovered from our grief and bought at a low price (not everything in kind is *given* to us), a homely animal who never thinks of dying, and has done yeoman service with his aristocratic partner. Both are ready for hard toil on the farm, and this they will share with a yoke of oxen, 'the finest in Westchester County,' our foreman says. A special advantage in possessing oxen lies, it seems, in the fact that after they work all summer for their owner, they can be fattened without much cost and killed for meat to last for the winter, or at least for a portion of it.

"Did you ever?" No, we never did before, and when this argument for the purchase of a pair of oxen was first presented to us, emotions of sympathy and gratitude almost prevented further consideration of the idea. But then a hen cackled in the orchard and we realized that we should not forbid the killing of a hen

when her productivity had ceased. Why draw the line at an ox?

We shall, however, be loath to give up the animals to our butcher so long as they can make their salt, and ours, in the fields of Maryknoll.

Four Cathedral College students came up for a day's recreation during Easter week. They were disappointed in their visit because it rained so hard that they could do no work on the farm, but we hope later to provide an opportunity for them.

The idea suggests itself that we should invite the Cathedral Collegians to a spring-cleaning, after-Pasch party as an annual event. This invitation could be extended to the professors, some of whom have already proved to us their fondness for exercise in the open.

It is still some weeks away, but we are looking forward with holy anticipation to a significant ceremony that will take place quietly in our new chapel June 22.

On that occasion our first deacon will be ordained and the chapel itself will be dedicated by the Rt. Rev. Thomas F. Cusack, Auxiliary Bishop of New York. We are not in a position to invite our readers to come, but we do ask them to give some prayers for this young Seminary, for the aspirant missionaries who are being nurtured here, and for their Directors.

THE genially dignified chaplain of Sing Sing came up to Maryknoll one Sunday early in April, to announce that spring had arrived. We did not believe him then, because a flurry of snow seemed to contradict our good friend's judgment. But now we think he really did hear, that day, the familiar words of the breviary antiphon: *The winter is now past and the rain (may we say 'snow'?) is over and gone. Arise, my friend, and come.*

And so he came, and he left with us such a good souvenir that

we are going to present it to our readers.

This chaplain, whose name is a cell-word if not a household word, and on whose presence sensational newspaper sharks pounce when occasion arises, has an invalid friend, a nun. As a constant sufferer, she might be classed as useless and would, perhaps, if certain university theorists of the day had their own sweet way, be dropped off this rolling planet. But the good woman—we fear to call her holy, for she might read these lines with more pain—unable to do active work, cheerfully offers her trials each day for one or other good cause.

Recently the chaplain spoke to his congregation on the subject of vicarious atonement, alluding to the sufferings of the prisoners' relatives and friends and of such souls as that of his friend, the nun. About a week later a 'long-timer' (in two senses) appeared and wanted to 'square up.' 'That nun' was the cause of it, he admitted.

We need that nun's sufferings and we need, for this new work, the offered trials of others who, bedridden or housed in invalid chairs, feel themselves worthless. Such souls have a treasure to dispose of and we shall be glad indeed to share in it.

THOUGHTS FROM MODERN MARTYRS

A book for occasional spiritual reading

Interesting, edifying and stimulating

In cloth. 30 cents; postage, 5 cents
In leather 60 cents; postage, 5 cents

OUR first seminary vestment case will cost us one hundred and fifty dollars. It will be of simple white wood, stained, but ample. Though we are small, for a seminary, we require as much space for vestry purposes as does a good-sized church.

If some reader desires to give this or a useful article for the altar at comparatively small expense, we will gladly advise. Either of these gifts may be memorial.

OUR *Apostolics* at the Vénard are looking forward to their Maryknoll migration, which is scheduled for June 20. This will bring them to the *Centre* in time for our dedication and first ordination ceremony, and they rightly consider themselves privileged to be present on this historical occasion.

They were so well satisfied with their school examinations and Holy Week ceremonies that they seem to have been celebrating ever since. No sign of life has come from them since Easter.



* MARYKNOLL COWS. *
The more we milk them, the better we like them.

Priests and Our Work.



E finished up our land-appeal with a list of *priests* interested in our work—a goodly number. The replies kept us in smiles for a week. We quote a few:

Your appeal for Maryknoll is irresistible. Pray accept another donation for the grand work.

I wish this contribution were larger. We all realize the great work you are doing and you may be assured that you have our prayers and good wishes.

Enclosed is my share towards the purchase of Maryknoll ground. This is to be refunded only before I reach the Heavenly Portals—in merits.

Please find enclosed my subscription for five hundred feet of ground. I hope I shall not need even six feet until I can be more generous in my charity.

The enclosed check for twelve dollars is conscience money, entrusted to me for some worthy work. I can think of no better disposition for it than the good cause in which you are engaged.

We are so poor down here that as a rule we have to consign all outside appeals to the waste-basket. But you are such a jolly beggar that I will make an exception and enclose a dollar. (From Oklahoma.)

I would not allow such a grand opportunity to escape without owning a few feet of land at Ossining, made famous recently by the death of the gunmen.

Please select for me a plot 20 x 20, for which I enclose a check. If oil ever comes from this plot, I hereby bequeath to you all the oil.

I received your land letter this morning and in reply would say that as I was always particularly fond of plenty of fresh air and a fair breathing space, I have decided that the lot you have assigned me for a summer bungalow is quite too small. Consequently I am sending you the price of one thousand feet.

I do not remember a winter that has been so hard on the purses of the charitably inclined. The number of people asking for rent at the present time is enormous, owing to the want of employment on the part of heads of families. So, in order to reach out towards them, I am sending the enclosed check, that the Lord may bring about some ease in the matter.

It gives me great pleasure to take my new triperiter (typewriter) in hand to let you know that I am still in the land of the living, and I take it up with the same insipid impunity with which I formerly took up my trusty rusty. I am getting so that I can work this new typo with two hands and a foot.

I am enclosing the proceeds—perhaps I should say *pro-seeds*—of two lectures that I gave on the dear old Paddy Land. Use it for any purpose you wish.

I am a chronic sufferer from shortness of the "long green," though I believe my dues as a subscriber to THE FIELD AFAR are paid up. I mean that they should be, because I find interest and pleasure in reading the breezy, cheerful pages.

You have struck the right note, I think, for the big chorus of approbation and help, and I hope it may cut loose soon. While waiting for the "big noise" financially, please accept the poor little check herewith for the purposes of your "Land League."

I am sending you a check for \$9.99 in payment for 999 square feet of land at Maryknoll. I want you to take a lease of the same for 999 years.

At the expiration of that time I shall call around to reap the harvest you have sown in that "good soil" in my behalf, and if I like the site you have selected for me, I may be tempted to build, not a tumble-down shack, but a permanent castle in the air. Of course, it will all depend on the inducements you can offer.

Meantime I beg you to accept this first "fragment," and pray that you may gather up a thousand others just as large and even larger.

Yes, I want to purchase a little real estate and so am sending you one small sample of the "long green."

I hope sometime to breathe a little of your foreign atmosphere by visiting your Seminary. It is now in its cradle days, wearing its swaddling clothes, but, please God, that baby foreign mission college is going to grow up to full maturity, and in the years to come, will be looked back to as a fond Alma Mater by many an American missionary far from home.

I have been interested in missions ever since, as a child, in a happy home in the Green Isle, I read and reread the life of Blessed Pierre Chanel. The inspiration then received has, I am glad to say, lasted even to this day.

I hope and pray that God may bless your work and bring your present small beginnings to grand proportions. (From Florida.)

If you wish to enter our Apostolic School, send now for information.

A FRIEND of ours who has a strong pull as a dentist, has sent us a pair of excellent field glasses, expressing the hope that we may see him coming up the hill one of these days. We have a chair, Doctor, so bring along your kit when you come. Everybody works here.

We have also received a spy glass. It is small but good. Our Astronomy professor says he can now see stars—that he did not see before—and his curiosity has been stimulated. He uses the instrument occasionally in the daytime, searching the horizon for a larger one. If he finds it, he will probably ask us to build an observatory. When that time comes, we will combine the observatory with a water tower. Stars don't put out fires and we must be prepared.

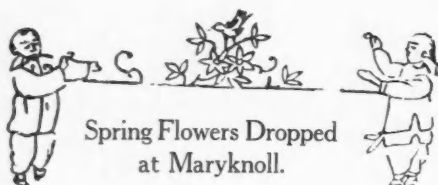
* *

BY this time we are supposed to have been presented with every article for which we have expressed a need, from a clock that strikes the hours to a piano and a set of orchestral instruments.

If we made out a list of the *unreceived*, including the above-named articles, a few statues, a vestment case, a chapel organ, a shrine crucifix, a thurible and case, some towels, etc., etc., we would make you feel bad and think ourselves neglected, when in reality we have had many an unexpected gift in kind and enough in specie to keep the *baby* in very good condition.

Music at the Knoll is made up of more rests than notes. What the Teresians called a 'dear little thing' was taken to their chapel while the Seminary was in the hands of carpenters, and it has never been brought back. In its place stands a grim-looking instrument from Maine, with one lung and several teeth out.

It formerly occupied the recreation room, which now has no other solace than a very fine Edison phonograph that goes by electricity but cannot come to an agreement with our current.



Spring Flowers Dropped
at Maryknoll.

DEVOTED clients of "The Little Flower of Jesus" are helping to swell the figures in her burse. A friend in New York State recently sent five dollars, to secure a share for herself, for each of her three children and for a deceased relative named Teresa.

* *

WE have already noted the generous device by which a bishop in China is helping our Seminary. In a recent letter the good bishop offers still another gift of the same kind. He writes:

I promise, if I live and God wills, to offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass three times every month from July to December, inclusive, for intentions which you are to determine and for which you are to keep the stipends.

* *

OUR Christmas tree, being fixed in the earth, remains green all the year round and tempts our friends to decorate it. Here are some of its latest acquisitions:

Several cassocks; Benediction burses; a set of new breviaries (the first of the kind we have seen); altar linens; books; an envelope sealer and stamper; a picture and a small statue; some cut glass for the altar.

All were welcome and for all we are more than grateful.

* *

THE children of the Epiphany School, in Brooklyn, have again manifested their interest in our work by a generous gift. We learn through the rector, Fr. Duffy, that the money was collected at their missionary services, and we shall not be surprised if some day one or more of these zealous young apostles finds his way to Maryknoll or the Vénard.

THE Reverend Director of a Holy Name Society in Richmond, Va., writes his acknowledgment of several copies of THE FIELD AFAR sent to his Society by one of our lay friends. He adds:

I will certainly take care that the papers come into the proper hands, and at our next meeting I will try to get some subscriptions to the paper. I believe that to arouse interest in foreign missions means also to promote the spirit of zeal for home and parish work among our people.

Respectfully yours,

* *

DID you come from Youghal? We are in danger—and we love some kinds of danger—of getting many friends there and elsewhere in County Cork—including the neighborhood of Blarney Castle. It is a nun who is 'talking and writing us up' (God bless her!) and the list of 'possibles' that she sends brings us back to a dozen years ago when, as a care-free curate, we saw dear old Ireland for the first time.

* *

A MISSIONARY bishop has a proverbially lean purse, and we confess to some confusion when we opened, recently, a letter postmarked Honolulu, and found therein a five dollar bill nestling among these lines:

I send you a little mite out of the abundance of the heart—not in the abundance of money. The latter is a rare bird here. We will always help you some,—just now in paying for your land.

Yours in Xt.,

*L. H. BOEYNAEM.

* *

AGAIN the unexpected,—this time, and not for the first time,—from the Pacific Coast! It was a check for five hundred dollars and as the donor is anxious to secure a burse, we may yet add another cipher, if all goes well on both coast lines and between.

California is becoming so friendly that we are already getting anxious to see the Pacific, the more so, as we hope some day to have our new apostles embark from her shores.

Free Scholarships.

If you wish to establish, or to help establish, a free scholarship at Maryknoll or at our Apostolic School in Scranton, see pages I&IV.

THE principle that the 'poor are the best helpers of the poor' seems to be applicable even to parish-priests. Note the following:

Although this is not a prosperous parish, I feel that I should own some land (not in Ireland) from which would spring the seed of American zeal and piety. I enclose a check for \$50. I trust it will help to cancel your debt, which I am sure is much larger than mine. Give a 'memento' to my people that they may return to the fold—twenty-five years of carelessness due to many causes has made about four hundred of them almost strangers to God and Religion. I am trying to get them back. Do not forget them nor me.

* *

WE had just finished reading in our refectory the interesting life of Blessed Perboyre, when the following note arrived from the procurator of the Lazarist (Vincentian) mission of Chekiang, China:

I am happy to tell you that next week, in the name of Bishop Reynaud, I will send you, in a Chinese frame, a relic from the bones of our Blessed martyr, Jean Gabriel Perboyre.

May it inspire the apostolic spirit in your dear seminarists and may they be worthy candidates for the missionary's life, and, if necessary, for martyrdom such as he exemplified.

A. BUCH.

* *

More Gifts in Kind.

Chalice, alb, stole, surplices, cassocks and clothing from Rev. Friend, N. Y. City; books from Rev. Friend, Pa.; cassock from Rev. Friend, Providence, R. I.; books from Rev. Friend, Columbus, O.; books from Rev. Friend, Baltimore, Md.; alb and cincture from Sacred Heart Convent, N. Y. City; vestments and dalmatics from Tabernacle Society, Cincinnati, O.; cassocks from Sr.—, Buffalo, N. Y.; chalice from Worcester, Mass.; stole from K. R., Lowell, Mass.; red vestments from A. S., Plainfield, N. J.; purple cloth, canopy and carpet from N. Y. City; religious articles from Mrs. A., Bangor, Me.; dishes and pictures from M. H., Boston, Mass.; cut flowers for altar from Mrs. K. P., N. Y. City; set of dishes from Boston, Mass.

FOR THE VÉNARD APOSTOLIC SCHOOL.

2 Crex rugs, bed, spring and mattress from Mrs. E. L.

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